largest in the world. To its hospitable doors come nocturnal wanderers of all classes—an American sailor to exhibit the latest Broadway step, a tired husband to dally with the brown girls, a Filipino clerk to dance sedately, and a society matron to climax a night of frivolity. Amidst drinks and eats, the dance goes on. A slender line divides the *bailarina* side from the society side, and a still slighter line divides the bad from the good. For the colonel's wife and the sergeant's sweetie are sisters under the skin.

The Filipinos enjoy a deserved reputation as incomparable dancers. Song is in their hearts. Art is in their veins. Rhythm is in their feet. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see a *bailarina* in native costume with *chinelas* (loose slippers), never losing a step and dancing with divine grace.

It would be strange if to these joy emporiums youth were not attracted as moths are to the flame. I know I was when as a college boy I first landed in Manila. In a strange town with nothing much to do of an evening, the outcome was inevitable. Fogelgren, a fellow clerk, and I, after much cogitation, decided we would venture forth to see a dancing school. Which we did by street car to Maypajo. Once inside the place, after ordering glasses of San Miguel beer, I received my initiation from Juanita, the queen of the *bailarinas.* Nightly thereafter, until the fever was spent, with other young blades, we wended our way to these dancing places. In such surroundings youth was tested. Some

went down; others became squawmen, and the rest after enjoying themselves went their way no different than before.

Possibly I have given the impression that life in the Philippines is one interminable fox-trot. Not quite that. Serious business is interspersed between dances. And other diversions are available. Yet it is the dance which gives spice to life in the Philippines.